

CRAIG DEININGER

Title Poem

At sixteen, unannounced and unprepared for, the huge
alien spacecraft descended upon me in the twilight hours.
It closed out the entire sky and waited.
And I did precisely what any sixteen-year-old should.
With arms upraised and outstretched,
I offered myself up to be their guest, their passenger.
Indiana, at the time, seemed small and I had questions.
Several ages, or perhaps, seconds, ticked by
as the variables were weighed.
But no rampway was sent down.
Nor was I beamed up.
Instead, they rose slowly
into the sky, paused
a moment, and shot off
at what I could only guess to be the speed of light.
They never came back.
Still, I remained for some time
looking off into the long empty corridor of space
that had hosted their trajectory.
I had questions.